

A

Duke and no Duke.

A

F A R C E.

As it is now Acted at both

T H E A T R E S

With univerfal APPLAUSE.

---

Written originally by

Sir *A S T O N C O K A I N*,

And since revived with considerable Alterations.

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Duke and no Duke

F. A. R. C. E.

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## PROLOGUE.

Written by a Friend of the Author's.

GALLANTS,

*WHO* would have thought to have seen so many here,  
At such a rambling Season of the Year;  
And, what's more strange, all well and sound, to the Eye!  
Pray Gentlemen forgive me if I Lie.  
I thought this Season to have turn'd Physician,  
But now I see small Hopes in that Condition:  
Yet how if I should hire a Black Flower'd Jump,  
And ply at Islington, Doctor to Sadlers Pump?  
But first let me consult old Erra Pater,  
And see what he advises in the Matter.

Let's see——

Venus and Mars, I find in Aries are,  
In the Ninth House—a dull dry Bobbing Year.  
The Price of Mutton, will run high 'tis thought,  
And Vizard Masks will fall to ten a Groat.  
The Moon's in Scorpio's House or Capricorn's,  
Friends of the City govern well your Horns:  
Your Wives will have a mighty Trade this Quarter,  
I find they'll never leave their Natural Charter.  
For once take my Advice as a true Friend,  
When they a Walk to the new Wells pretend,  
If you'll avoid your Fate quick hasten after,  
They use more ways to Cool, than Drinking Water.



## The Persons.

*Lavinio*, the great Duke of *Tuscany*.

*Brunetto*, alias *Horatio*, Prince of *Savoy*.

*Barberino*, } Lords, Councillors to *Lavinio*.

*Alberto*, }

*Trappolin*, } A Parasite, Pimp, Fidler, and Buffoon, transformed by Magick, and Usurper to *Lavinio*.

*Mago*, a Conjuror.

Captain of the Guards.

*Isabella*, the Dutcheß.

*Prudentia*, Sister to *Lavinio*.

*Flametta*, *Trappolin*'s Sweet-heart.

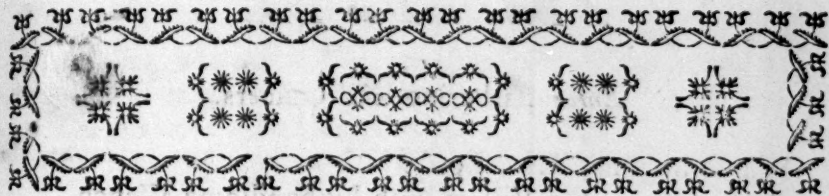
*Women*, Puritan, Embassadors.

*Servants and Attendants.*

The SCENE FLORENCE.

A






A

# Duke and no Duke.

## A C T I.

Trappolin and Flametta.

Trap.  O R ever thine Flametta.

Fla. Thnaks my Dear.

F

But am not I a fond Fool to believe you,  
When you have been from me these two  
long Days ?

I'm sensible I love you but too well.

For truly Dear you are a naughty Man.

Trap. Pretty Rogue ! how she fires my Heart ! now could I cry like any roasted Lobster.—What would old Lord Barberino give for one such kind Word from her. But young and poor as she is, she is yet most constant and virtuous.—Not that I care much for Virtue neither.—Alas my Dear, I have been much oppress'd with Business since I saw thee. It's been dead trading of late, but 'tis a Comfort to see Times mend, now we are upon our Matrimony.

Fla. Let me conjure you leave these vicious Courses,  
You must indeed, or we must never marry ;  
But you will be my Convert and reform.

Trap. All in good Time Love ; it becomes me to see my Betters go before me, when I do mend I shall certainly do it to purpose, I am so long about it.—In the mean Time I give thee leave to be honest, and I think that's fair.

B 3

Enter

*Enter Barberino and Officers.*

Whose here my Rival Lord?

*Barb.* Here is the Villain with his handsome Wench,  
 And (what afflicts me more) an honest One;  
 I have these many Weeks attempted her,  
 But neither Threats nor Presents can prevail,  
 She must be virtuous, or her Poverty  
 Could ne'er withstand the Offers I have made;  
 Yet were she virtuous she would ne'er allow  
 'This wicked Pandar so familiar with her;  
 'This Fidling Parasite, Buffoon, and Beggar:  
 But on Pretence of his Enormities,  
 I have procur'd this Order from the Duke  
 For his immediate Banishment from *Florence*.  
 Most certainly, he bears some Spell about him,  
 And when he's once remov'd, I shall succeed.

*Trap.* Again my Dear——My good Lord *Barberino*, your  
 Honour's humble Servant.——For this free Promise, Love,  
 I ne'er enough can thank thee——Your Lordship's to Com-  
 mand——No Fortune shall divide or change our Wills.——  
 Your Honour's humble Slave——What's Wealth or Power  
 where Hearts consent like our's?——Your Lordships Vas-  
 sal——When thou dost sigh, thy *Trappolin* shall weep.——  
 Your Honour always shall command me——And when  
 thou sing'st——

*Fla.* We are observ'd.

Learn to be honest, and I am thine for ever.

[*Exit.*]

*Trap.* I beg your Lordship's pardon. Your Lordship saw  
 how I was employ'd. The poor Wretch has taken a Fancy  
 to me, and your Lordship knows I am a Person of liberal E-  
 ducation: That I bear not a Breast of Flint, nor was Nurst  
 with the Milk of *Hircanian* Bulls. Now if your Lordship  
 has any Thing to command me, here I stand ready, I'll *fido*  
*Trappolino*, your Honour's humble Servant in all Things  
 possible and impossible.

*Barb.* You are a sawcy peremptory Villain,  
 And have too long escap'd the Stroke of Justice.  
*Off.* Nor is there such a Coward in all *Tuscany*,  
 He's able to corrupt an Army.

*Trap.*

*Trap.* Fear not that *Seignior Capitano*, for I never mean to come into one.

*Barb.* So lewd a Pandar ne'er infected City,  
What Wife or Daughter of the noblest Blood  
Is safe, where such a hellish Factor breaths.

*Trap.* And can your Lordship on your Honour tax me  
For want of Diligence in my Vocation?

*Barb.* Industrious hast thou been in Villany,  
But *Florence* must no longer be the Scene;  
This is your Warrant, Captain, from the Duke,  
To drive this Miscreant from our City Gates.  
And when he's seen again in *Tuscany*,  
That Minute forfeits his abandon'd life.  
Thus has our Duke decreed.

*Trap.* At whose request?

*Barb.* On mine.

*Trap.* I am glad to find your Honour has so much Interest  
in his Highness, and therefore make Choice of your Honour  
as the most proper Person to solicit my Repeal.

*Barb.* Audacious Slave.

*Trap.* His Highness knows travelling is chargeable, and  
besides my Stomach is of no ordinary Dimensions.

*Barb.* Away with him, if he dispute your Orders  
Call for the Parish Whips to your Assistance.

*Trap.* *Seignior Officer* you may take his Lordship's Word  
when he says a Thing. You hear his Lordship hath private  
Business with me, and desires your Absence——For certain  
then his Highness is upon Treaty of Marriage with the  
*Millanese*; your Lordship and I, were always of Opinion it  
would come to that.

*Barb.* Such harden'd Impudence was never seen.  
Take him away.

*Trap.* My Lord, my Lord——Such a Primrose in a  
Corner for your Lordship, never blown upon my Lord;—

*Barb.* Force him along.

*Trap.* *Flametta* my Lord, what says your Lordship to  
*Flametta*? There's Eyes and Bubbies! Nay my Lord,  
my Lord.

[*They bear*  
*him off. Exeunt.*

*Enter*



*Enter Duke Lavinio, Alberto; Guards and Attendants.*

*Lav.* I'm stung with Adders and shall go distracted;  
Let me have breathing room.

*Alb.* Your Highness knows  
I ever have been watchful for your Honour,  
And next to that, I would preserve your Quiet.

*Lav.* Choice Method, first blow Poison in my Ears,  
And after preach Patience to me.

*Alb.* I fear my Duty has been too officious;  
Dread Sir, reflect where was the mighty Harm  
In holding Talk with him by open Day?  
I hope this fanning will incense the Flame.

[*Aside.*

*Lav.* What harm? the very Pawd to their Desires  
Could never have Forehead to dispute the Harm:  
A Virgin and a Princess seen to walk  
And hold Discourse apart with one of Race  
Obscure, at least unknown, and no Harm in't?  
'Twere lewd, though they had only pray'd together:  
Bring the audacious Traytor to our Presence.

[*Brunetto brought in here.*

*Enter Brunetto.*

*Bru.* Dread Sir, and twice my noble Conqueror, [*Kneeling.*  
First in the Field, in which yourself alone  
Could stop my Conquest with resistless Might,  
And since in gen'rous Princely Favours.

*Lav.* Rise.

I am not us'd to hearken after Praise,  
Or Thanks for Benefits by me conferr'd,  
For hitherto they always fell on Merit,  
Which can at best be call'd but paying Debts.  
Only in this Acknowledgment, I hear  
Ingratitude from it's own Mouth condemn'd:  
This Lord, the watchful *Argus* of my Honour,  
Has charg'd you with a Crime will stain the Worth  
You shew'd in Battle, and make Valour blush.

*Alb.* I but inform'd your Highness what I saw.

*Bru.* He's prejudic'd, I kill'd his Son in Fight  
In Service of my Prince, as he of you.

*Lav.*



*Law.* I have a Sister, dear to me as Fame,  
Our royal Father's only Care and Comfort,  
My Dukedom (said he dying) I bequeath thee,  
A slender Present and thy Due by Birth ;  
But with it all the Glory of our Race,  
The spotless Honour of the *Medices* ;  
Preserve the Princely Blood from base-born Taint,  
But most secure it in the weaker Part,  
And match *Prudentia* with her Peer in Birth ;  
So shall I with my Ancestors have rest."  
Now Sir, how far you have infring'd these Orders,  
And brought a Guilt unknown upon my Head,  
I leave yourself to judge : Confess your Crime,  
And Torture shall revenge it ; smother it,  
And Tortures shall extort it.

*Bru.* My charmed Soul  
Came panting to my Lips to meet your Charge,  
And beg Forgiveness for its high Presumption.  
But since you talk of Tortures, I disdain  
The servile Threats, and dare your utmost Rage ;  
I love the Princess, and have urg'd my Passion,  
Tho' I confess all hopeless of Return.  
This with a Soldier's Freedom I avouch,  
Who scorns to lodge that Thought he dares not own :  
Now Sir, Inflict what Punishment you please.  
But let me warn you, that your Vengeance reach  
My head, or neither of us can have Rest.

*Law.* Chains, Straw and Darknefs ! this is meer Distraction.  
To Prison with him ; you that waited on him [*They lead off*  
Be now his Guard : Thin Diet and no Light ; Brunetto.  
Such Usage may restore him——Vengeance thus  
Converts to Charity.

*Enter Prudentia.*

*Prudentia,*  
Your Entrance has prevented me a Visit  
To your Apartment, and half sav'd a Chiding ;  
Yet I must tell you, you have been to blame,  
But Sister, learn Reserv'dness for the future,  
Such as becomes your Quality, and hold

*Tha*

That Place which Nature and unspotted Virtue  
Has hitherto secur'd you in my Heart.

*Pru.* Most gracious Sir, if e're my secret Soul  
Admits one thought that is not first submitted  
For Approbation to your Royal Will,  
The Curse of Disobedience fall upon me;  
As I in you have found a Father's Love,  
I shall repay't with more than Filial Duty.

*Law.* Virtue and Honour ever guide thy Way.  
Thou'rt solitary, but shal't quickly enjoy  
A sweet Companion in our royal Bride.  
*Sforza* the Duke of *Millain*, our old Friend,  
Who always in our Wars hath sent us aid,  
Here offers me the beauteous *Isabella*  
His Daughter for my Wife, and instantly  
We will to *Millain* on the Expedition,  
That Treatment once determin'd, we'll return  
To *Florence*, where we'll celebrate our Nuptials  
With that Magnificence becomes our State.

*Pru.* Go and be happy Sir in your fair Choice.

*Barb.* That Blessing's only wanting to our State.

*Law.* Lord *Barberino* and *Alberto*, you  
Whom I have always found most faithful to me,  
To you I do commit the Government  
Of *Tuscany* 'till my Return; your Power  
I leave unlimited, keep open Ear  
To just Complaints: Allow and act no Wrong;  
With strictest Diligence observe *Brunetto*.

*Alb.* So may your wish't Return be safe and speedy.

*Law.* Sister, your Tears afflict us; a few Weeks  
Shall grace our Court with the fair *Millanese*.  
Lead on, 'tis Time we were upon our Way.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE



SCENE. *A Desert.*

*Enter Trappolin.*



HIS banish'd Life is very doleful——What an inhuman Duke was this to banish me, that never banish'd him? At every Step I take, my poor *Flametta* comes into my Mind : She met me at the Town's End, and would fain have come along with me, but that I told her she was not banish'd, and might not.——Methinks this is a very melancholy Place ! I have not met a living Body yet, but they had Wings or four Legs. Let me bethink me where to betake myself, I would to *Rome*, and turn Friar, but that I have too much Learning. A Man of my Occupation might once have finger'd the *Polux* Ryals in *Venice*, but now the Gentry go a more compendious Way to Work, and Pimp for one another ; 'tquite spoils all Trading.

*[Soft Music in the Air.]*

What Sound is this ? Sure this Place must needs be haunted : This with a good Dinner were something, but as it is, it feels as if they were playing upon my small Guts.

*[Storm and Thunder.]*

So now, my airy Fiddlers are fallen out amongst themselves ; I lik'd their first Strain somewhat better. I would his Highness would come and banish me from this Place too.

*[Storm again, Mago the Conjuror rises.]*

What's here ? a decrepit old Man ? Now and I were sure he was of mortal Race, I would set upon him in the Name of Famine——But if he should blow Brimstone in my Face there were a hopeful Beginner baulk'd.

*Mag.* Son, thou art banish'd——I know all the Matter.

*Trap.* 'Tis true old Friend, I am banish'd——But how the Devil came you to know it ?

*Mag.* Why, the Devil told me.

*Trap.*



*Trap.* The Devil he did? — Why 'twas e'en his own doing, and so he could give you the best Account of it.

*Mag.* Be not dismay'd, Preferment waits upon thee, I am so far from hurting thee,  
That from poor *Trappolin*, I'll make thee a Prince.

*Trap.* Look you there again, he knows my Name too — For certain, this must be the Devil's Kinsman——A Prince! poor *Trappolin* thanks you Father Conjurer, but has no Mind to domincer in Hell: I know where your Territories lye:

*Mag.* Befotted Wretch, thou dost not understand me; I tell thee Son, thou shalt return to *Florence*——

*Trap.* And be hang'd there for my Labour.

*Mag.* Be honour'd there, exalted o're thy Fellows.

*Trap.* On a Gibbet.

*Mag.* There shalt thou shine in Wealth, and roll in Plenty, The Treasures of the East shall court thy Wearing; The haughty Nobles shall seem Pigmies to thee; All Nature shall be ransack'd for thy Board, And Art be tir'd to find thee Choice of Banquets; Each Day and Hour shall yield new Scenes of Pleasure, And crowding Beauties sue for thy Embraces.

*Trap.* Sure I have pimp'd for this old Fellow formerly, he's so kind——Well, as you say, Father Conjurer (on some private Considerations that I have) this may not do amiss: But how shall it be done?

*Mag.* By *Eo*, *Meo*, and *Areo*.

*Trap.* What they mean, I know not, but I am satisfi'd 'tis by going to the Devil for it, and so much for that Matter.

*Mag.* Here, Seat thee in this Chair.

*Trap.* To be shav'd Father Conjurer by one of your black Valets? I shall lather under their Hands without a Ball.

*Mag.* Sit still, and see the Wonders of my Art; *Eo*, *Meo*, and *Areo*, rise.

*Trap.* What will become of this temporal Body of mine?— I am glu'd to my Seat here.—— But hear you good Father, must this Retinue of yours needs appear?

*Mag.* Of indispensable Necessity.

*Trap.* Then good Father let them appear invisibly, I have no great Inclination to their Company: For to tell you the Truth, I like yours none of the best, you are like the Devil enough to serve my turn.

*Mag.*



*Mag.* Now by the most prevailing Spell  
That e're amaz'd the Powers of Hell;  
That mid-night Witches ever try'd,  
While *Cynthia* did her *Crescent* hide;  
While watchful Dogs to bark forbore,  
The Wolf to howl, the Sea to roar;  
While *Robbin* do's his midnight Chare,  
And Plowmen sweat beneath the Mare;  
By all the Terrors of my Skill,  
Ascend, ascend, and execute my Will.

*[Lightning and Thunder, Spirits rise, and sink down with Trappolin.]*

Now proud *Lavinio*, little dost thou know  
This secret Practise of my just Revenge.

*[After a Dance the Spirits rise again, with Trappolin dressed exactly like the Duke Lavinio.]*

*Trap.* Oh Father what Metal do you take me to be made of? I am not us'd to travel under Ground: Oh for a Dram of the Bottle of a Quart or two! Call you this Preferment? Marry he deserves it that goes to the Devil for't, but I see no Preferment neither.

*Mag.* Thou dost not know thyself, look in that Mirrour.  
*[Shews him a Looking-glass.]*

*Trap.* Whose there, the Duke?——Your Highness is well return'd: Your faithful Servant *Trappolin* begs of your Grace to call him home, and hang up this old Wizard; he'll conjure your Grace out of your Wits else, and your Subjects out of your Dominions.——What's he gone again? He's for his frisque under Ground too. I have made Way for him, I have work'd like any Mole, and made Holes you may thrust Churches through.

*Mag.* 'Tis thou thyself that represents the Duke;  
What in that Glas thou saw'st is but thy Picture.

*Trap.* If that be my Picture I am the Picture of the Duke.

*Mag.* And shalt be taken for the Duke himself.

*Trap.* The Dress is just like him, and for ought I know, it is Dress that makes a Duke.——Let me see, what must I say now? my Highness is your Highness humble Servant — This Conjuror is a rare Fellow.

*Mag.* As thou didst here seem to thyself,  
So shalt thou to the World appear, the perfect Duke :  
To *Florence* then, and take thy State upon thee.

*Trap.* Trust me for Duking of it: I long to be at it.  
I know not why every Man should not be Duke in his  
Turn.—Father Conjurer, Time is precious with us great  
Persons : However, I should be glad to see you at Court.  
It may be the better for you, for as I take it, we shall have  
some Change of Ministers, and so farewell.

*Mag.* Stay Son, take this enchanted Powder with thee,  
Preserve it carefully, for at thy greatest Need  
'Twill give thee Aid : When any Foe assaults,  
Cast but this Magick Powder in his Face,  
And thou shalt see most wonderful effects.

*Trap.* Good, now I'm satisf'd I am the Duke  
Which some shall rue : Good Father, fare you well.  
*Eo, Meo, and Aeo*—Pafs. [Exit. Conju. vanishes.]



# SCENE. *The Palace.*

*Barberino and Flametta.*

*Flam.* I Do beseech your Honour to repeal  
My only Joy, my banish'd *Trappolin* ;  
Take Pity on a helpless Virgin's Tears,  
Abandon'd to Distress—You must—You will —  
For as our Sov'reign left his Power with you  
He left his Mercies too.

*Barb.* Her Tears inflame me :  
And were this Dukedom which I hold in Trust  
My Due by Birth, I'd give it in Exchange  
For this sweet Innocence, this Artless Beauty.  
Indeed (my pretty One) you wrong your Charms ;  
Nay I must say, you wrong your Virtue too  
By this concern, for an abandon'd Slave,  
Devoted to all Crimes ; forget and scorn him.

*Flam.*

*A Duke and no Duke.*

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*Fla.* I gave my Heart before I knew his Vices,  
But it will be my Triumph to reclaim him,  
I do beseech your Honour to call him home.

*Barb.* And what Return may I expect for this?

*Fia.* Goodness has always been it's own Reward :  
But to convince you that your Courtesy  
Shall not be wholly thrown away upon me,  
By Day or Night you shall command——

*Barb.* What?

*Fia.* My Prayers.

*Barb.* A very hopeful Recompence ;  
What Statesman ever yet took Prayers for Pay ?  
Deluded Maid, thou dost not know thy Worth,  
This Beauty must not be a Beggar's Prize,  
Design'd by Nature for a Nobler Sphere.  
What can this Minion whose Repeal you seek  
Perform for thee ? What can a Peasant do  
To deck thy Youth, or to enrich thy Age ?  
Come be advis'd, here's Gold and Jewels for thee,  
The Pride, the Pomp of Nature shall be thine :  
Make all your Study how to please yourself,  
Fortune shall wait to see your Wish perform'd.

*Fla.* Are you our Prince, my Lord ?

*Barb.* What means that Question ?

*Fia.* If you were,  
The Prince should be deny'd.

*Barb.* Then much more I.  
Why do I trifle thus ? I am no Prince,  
Yet will not be deny'd ;——Who waits without ?

*Fia.* Heaven shield me ! You intend no Violence.

*Barb.* What I intend is Love ; if you refuse,  
You make the Rape, that's all : Who waits I say ?

*Enter Servant.*

*Fla.* Help Heaven !

*Serv.* My Lord, my Lord most unexpected News !

*Barb.* Come near  
And bear this peevish Girl to my Apartment,  
She'll thank me for the Force.

*Serv.* The Duke, my Lord, his Highness.

*Barb.* Take her Slave.

C 2

*Serv.*



*Serv.* His Highness is return'd from *Millain*.

*Barb.* Ha!

The Duke return'd from *Millain*? Thou art mad.

*Serv.* Just now arriv'd my Lord, and coming hither.

*Barb.* Here!

Dispose of her as I commanded thee,

'Till I find out the Meaning of this Dream.

Ha! that's his Voice——And here he comes in Person:

Let her go Slave.——Away dear Maid, away [*Puts her out.*]

*Enter Trappolin, with his Spirits invisible. Alberto from the other Side.*

*Barb.* Great Sir,

Upon our Knees we welcome your Return.

*Trap.* And upon our Legs we take it:——Hem! hem! [*He struts about.*]

*Alb.* Your Highness comes unlook'd for, we did not expect This happy Time so soon by fourteen Days.

*Barb.* So please your Grace, where is our Dutchess?

*Trap.* Your Dutchess will not come 'till the Gods know when; for my Part I know nothing of the Matter. I left my Train behind me and came unlook'd for, to see how you governed in my Absence, which I fear you have done scurvily enough.

*Alb.* How wild he talks!

*Trap.* *Es, Mea, and Aree*, well stuck to me I'faith—Well Lords, you never pity my Misfortunes; I have been robb'd in my Journey, had my Horse taken from me, and if it had not been for Father Conjurer.

*Barb.* How Sir?

*Trap.* I say if I had not been a Conjurer, I had ne'er got home in my Royal Skin;——Well stuck there again, Boys, well stuck.

*Alb.* What means your Highness?

*Trap.* Our Highness means to take exact Account of Affairs; I left an honest Fellow here, call'd *Trappolin*. What's become of him?

*Barb.* Your Highness gave me charge to banish him.

*Trap.* Why there's the Pillar of our State gone. You took him for Buffoon, but I found him one of the best Politicians in Christendom; other Countrys will value him, and



and for ought I know, he's a Prince by this Time——*Eo*  
*Meo*, and *Areo*, true Lads, still.

*Alb.* I am amaz'd !

*Trap.* Hear me, you Lord *Barb.* I love dispatch in Affairs, tell me therefore quickly what you take to be the Duty of a Statesman ?

*Barb.* To study first his Royal Master's Profit,  
And next to that his Pleasure ; to pursue  
No sinister Design of private Gain ;  
Nor Pillage from the Crown to raise his Heirs,  
His base-born Brood in Pomp above the Race  
Of old descended Worth ; to know Desert,  
And turn the Princes Favour on his Friends ;  
And keep an open Ear to just Complaints.

*Trap.* Why there 'tis. I have travel'd, and can tell you what a Statesman should be. I will have him ten Times prouder than his Master ; I, and ten Times richer too. To know none of his old Friends, when he is once in Office ; to inform himself who has Merit, that he may know whom to do nothing for ; to make Solicitors wait seven Years to no Purpose, and to bounce thro' a whole Regiment of 'em, like a Soldier thro' the Gantlet.

*Alb.* This is meer Frenzy.

*Trap.* And there is another good Friend of mine, *Brunetto*, where is he ?

*Alb.* Dread Sir, Your Highness knows that for his presumption in Courting of your Sister, you confined him.

*Trap.* Nothing but lying in this World ! I confine him : 'Tis well known I never had a Sister in my Life.

*Barb.* No Sister, Sir ?

*Trap.* No, *Jack Sawce*, none that's worth imprisoning a Friend for : honest *Brunetto* I'll be with thee in the twinkling of a———*Eo*, *Meo*, and *Areo*, sit fast ; pass [Exit.

*Alb.* He cannot counterfeit so much.

*Barb.* I know not ;  
But if he do not, he is surely mad.

*Alb.* The Heaven's be merciful !  
What wild fantastick Things he do's ? And talks  
Of *Eo*, *Meo*, and *Areo* ; Names  
Unheard of in the Court before.

*Barb.* Some *Millain* Counts I warrant you.  
This Kindef's to *Brunetto* is most strange.


*Alb.* Let's after him, and wait his better Leisure.

[*Exeunt.*]



S C E N E. *A Prison.*

*Re-enter Trappolin.*

*Trap.*  H A T a dismal Place is here ? I'll have it carry'd bodily out of my Dukedom. Alas poor *Brunetto*, what has he done to be shut up here ?—— Oh here he comes !

*Enter Brunetto.*

*Bru.* What can the Duke design by coming hither ? For certain, it must be to see me strangled : Well let him execute his Tyrant Will, For Death itself were Mercy to this Dungeon. Great Prince.

*Trap.* He makes a very low Leg, but I scorn to be out done in Courtesy.

*Bru.* What can this cruel Mockery intend ? Your Highness does forget yourself extremely : I am your Prisoner.

*Trap.* My best Friend *Brunetto*.

*Bru.* I am astonish'd ! Sir, upon my Knees I do congratulate your safe Return.

*Trap.* And upon my Knees I do embrace thee, honest *Brunetto*.

*Bru.* I know not what to think or speak. I do beseech your Highness, rise.

*Trap.* Not without thee : Therefore up I say ; away with Compliments, I cannot abide them.

*Bru.* You honour me above Expression.

*Trap.* A Fig for Honour, I love thee Man ; Sirrah Jayler, bring Chairs higher presently.

*Bru.* Your Highness——

*Trap.* Away with Highness, I say, away with it ; call me *Lavin*, plain *Medices*.

*Bru.*

*A Duke and no Duke.*

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*Bru.* Sure I am awake, this is no Dream?

*Trap.* We will live merrily together, i'faith we will!  
Come Sirrah what a while have you been bringing these  
Chairs? I have known a Pimp made a Prince in less Time.  
*Brunetto* sit thee down, sit down I say.

*Bru.* I will attend your Highness on my Knees.

*Trap.* Why, I am not thy Father, am I? Sit thee here.

*Bru.* On the right Hand——That must not be.

*Trap.* Why an'thou wilt have it there, there let it be.——  
But hold, I am mistaken, that is on the left Hand; that  
must not be: Dost thou think I have no Manners in me.

*[They remove their Chairs several Times.]*

*Bru.* There is no Remedy, I must obey.

*Trap.* Very well,——What now art thou afraid of me?  
Marry an'thou draws't back, I'll draw back too: Therefore  
sit still I say, and let us talk.

*Bru.* Great Sir, I am unworthy of these Honours:  
Your Noblest *Florentines* would be most proud  
To be thus grac'd.

*Trap.* I love not these set Speeches. Let us talk as if we  
were in a Tavern together.——Now, I prithee Man,  
how cam'st thou into this damn'd Dungeon?

*Bru.* I, now the Storm comes.——Pardon me Dread  
Sovereign.

*Trap.* What, on thy Knees again? Dost take me for *Ma-  
hamet*? As well as I can pardon thee, I do pardon thee what-  
ever it be, tho' thou hast kill'd every Body.

*Bru.* Wherefore this Torture Sir, before my Death,  
'Tis Tyranny; your Highness knows my Crime  
Was in aspiring to your Royal Sister.

*Trap.* Wast thou laid up for that? Alas for thee! Hast  
marry'd her?

*Bru.* Beseech your Grace.

*Trap.* Well, an'thou hast not, I would thou hadst; get  
her Consent, and here I give thee mine. So come along  
with me to Dinner.

*Bru.* Your Highness shall command me to my Death.

*Trap.* I say thou shalt have her, and if I had two Sisters,  
thou shouldst have them both——Who waits there?

*[Bar:]*



[*Barberino, Alberto, Attendants Enter.*]

Now my good Lords, you see this Apartment, and you thought fit to have *Brunetto* shut up here for making Love to my Sister.

*Alb.* It was your Highness Judgment and Command.

*Trap.* Jayler, take me these two Coxcomby Lords, and keep them under Lock: They are never well but when they are doing Mischief. In my Conscience and Soul, here is such Incumbrance of Perplexity, that I protest——Come along Friend. [Exit with *Brunetto*.]

*Barb.* Why, this is mere Distraction.

*Alb.* We must endure it.


[*They go in*]



## A C T II.

S C E N E. *The Palace.*

*Enter Trappolin.*

*Trap.*  HIS Duke's Life is very pleasant! Did ever any Man come to Preferment upon lighter Terms, I am made a Prince, and Father Conjurer goes to the Devil for't.

*Enter Flametta.*

Whose here my pretty little Rogue? I mar'l what makes her at Court, tho' I fear this Affair will cost Lord *Barberino* a Castration.

*Flam.* Here is the Duke alone, whom I so long Have sought for, to petition for Repeal Of my Dear *Trappolin*:  
I do beseech your Grace  
Take Pity on a miserable Maid,  
Bereav'd of all her Joys.

*Trap.* All her Joys; that's me!

*Fla.* I humbly beg  
Poor banish'd *Trappolin* may be recall'd.

*Trap.*



*Trap.* Dear Honeyfuckle, she ev'n makes me weep.

*Fla.* Great Sir, that you have noble Thoughts.

*Trap.* I have so.

*Fla.* The World is Witness, and by Consequence  
A Heart full of Commiseration.

*Trap.* 'Tis so; What a Torment is this now, that I must  
counterfeit with her? Fair Maiden rise; What is your  
Name?

*Fla.* Flametta.

*Trap.* Thou shalt fare the better for that:—Trouble  
not yourself, your *Trappolin* shall be recall'd: and I  
would I were sacrific'd, if I do not love him as well as I do  
myself.——

Who comes yonder? the Princess.

*Enter Prudentia.*

*Fla.* This is most Gracious.——

*Trap.* Some of my roguish Lords talk'd of hanging him, if  
ere he come home again; but upon my Honour I swear it,  
that if they hang him, they shall hang me; and so set thy  
Heart at rest.

*Fla.* Heav'n bless your Highness.

[*Exit.*

*Trap.* If this be the Princess, I'll be sworn *Brunetto* was  
in the Right of it.

*Prud.* Ten thousand Welcomes, Sir: I never found  
Such tedious Hours as since you left the Court.

*Trap.* Fair Lady, come hither—— You are our Sister  
you'll say.

*Prud.* I hope my Conduct Sir, has ne'er giv'n Cause  
For you to doubt of my Relation to you:  
I am your Sister Sir, and Servant.

*Trap.* I am sorry for't.

*Prud.* I do beseech your Highness, on what Ground?

*Trap.* For a Carnal Reason, that shall be Nameless. But  
since we are Brother and Sister, we must content ourselves  
as well as we can.

*Prud.* I am surpriz'd at this: I heard indeed  
His Language and Deportment was much alter'd;——  
Sir, I am glad to see you safe return'd,  
But should have been more joyful, had you brought  
Your Dutcheß with you.

*Trap.*

*Trap.* She'll come soon enough, never fear it : But Sister, to our Affair in Hand (for I am Vengeance hungry.) At my Return here I found *Brunetto* in Jayl, and it appear'd to be for Love of you : Tell me Sister, can you fancy him?

*Pru.* Your Will, Sir, is the Square of all my Actions ; I have no Averfion for *Brunetto's* Passion : Besides, his Quality, tho' yet conceal'd, Is worthy of your Blood, he is a Prince ; His Name *Horatio*, and the second Son To *Savoy's* Duke.

*Trap.* My Friend a Prince ; besworn I no more thought of seeing him a Prince than myself : Sister, you shall have my Consent to marry him, and so there's an End.

[*A confused Noise without.*

What's there to do ?

*Enter Officer.*

*Off.* Dread Sir, this is the Day and Hour, in which your Highness is wont to determine Causes in your Chair of State here. And accordingly here are several Persons come to appeal to your Highness for Justice.

*Trap.* What ! Justice before I have Dined ? I tell you, it is a dangerous Thing : I had like to have been hang'd once myself, because the Judge was Fasting ; — Well, let them enter.

[*He takes the Chair of State.*]

Well, here sits the Government : In the first Place I would have the Court take Notice, that in Affairs of State, I think Words are not to be multiply'd, and I think so, I shall not do so ; and if I do not, no Body else must : So that in this Assembly, he that speaks little, will speak better than he that talks much ; and he that says nothing, better than they both.

[*The People being brought in, a Woman with her Daughter stand forth.*]

*Wom.* I do beseech your Highness to do me Justice ; I have liv'd long with Fame amongst my Neighbours ; My Husband too bore Office in the Parish 'Till he was kill'd in Fighting for your Highness, And left me but this dear and only Daughter,

Whom

Whom this old Sinner has debauch'd,  
And spoil'd her Fortune.

*Trap.* Debauch'd? That is to say lay with her? got her Maidenhead.

*Wom.* Your Highness has a most discerning Judgment.

*Trap.* And how did he do this? Lawfully by the Help of a Pimp, or without it?

*Wom.* O most unlawfully! For Sir, he has a Wife and Son too of his own Inches.

*Trap.* A Son of his own Inches; good.

Then the Decision of this Cause is easy:

Do you hear Woman, we will have that Son debauch'd, you shall get that Son's Maidenhead, and spoil his Fortune.

*Wom.* I do beseech your Grace, what?—

*Trap.* No replying after Sentence.—Whose Cause is next.

[*Another Woman stands forth.*]

*Wom.* Great Duke of *Tuscany*, vouchsafe to hear me:

I am a poor and helpless Widow, one  
That had no Comfort left me, but my Child,  
Whom this vile Minion *Whipp* the Coachman here  
Being drunk, drove over him, and left him dead.

I do beseech your Highness, make my Cause  
Your own, and think what sad Distress—

*Trap.* Hold, hold, I will have no Flourishing—This Cause requires some half a Minutes consideration more than the former: *Whipp* you say, being drunk drove over your Child and kill'd him; why look you Woman, Drink will make a Coachman a Prince, and *Vice versa* by the Rule of Proportion, a Prince a Coachman, so that this may be my own Cause another Time; however, that shall make no Obstruction of Justice.—Therefore *Whipp*, shall lye with you, and be suspended from Driving, till he has got you another Child.—

*Wom.* So please your Grace, this is still worse.

*Trap.* No replying after Sentence.—Whose next?

[*A Puritan stands forth.*]

*Pur.* So please your temporal Authority.

*Trap.* How now! my mortifi'd Brother of *Geneva*, what carnal Controversy are you engaged in?

*Pur.* Verily, there is nothing carnal in my Cause: I have sustained Violence, much Violence, and must have much Compensation from the ungodly.

*Trap.*



*Trap.* What is your Grievance?

*Pur.* I will pour it forth in the Words of Sincerity.

*Trap.* I care not a Farthing for Sincerity, let me have it in Brevity.

*Pur.* This Person here is by Occupation a Mason or Tiler, as the Language of the World termeth it; whilst therefore I stood contemplating a new Mansion that I had prepared unto myself at the same Time that this Person occupied his Vocation aloft thereon, or rather should have occupied; such was his wicked Negligence, that he fell from the Top of the Building most unconscionably upon my outward Man, even with all his carnal Weight, and almost bruised me unto the Death, I being clad in this Array (through the immoderate Heat of the Season) namely, five Cassocks or Coats, seven Cloaks, and one Dozen of quilted Caps.

*Trap.* Believe me, Sirs, a most important Matter! If such Enormities go unpunish'd, what Subject can be safe? Why, if any perverse Fellow take a Pique against his Neighbour, it is but getting up 8 or 10 or 14 Stories High, and so fall down upon him as he stands thinking no Harm in the Street: I do therefore Decree, that this Tiler shall stand below, while you get upon the Battlements of the House, and fall down upon him.

*Pur.* This is still most monstrous.

*Trap.* As for petty Causes, let them wait till we have Dined——*Eo, Meo, and Aeo!*——Come along Sister.

[*Exeunt*]

*Enter Duke Lavinio, Isabella the Dutchess, Ladies, and Attendants.*

*Law.* My Hearts best Treasure, charming *Isabella*:  
You are most welcome to the Court of *Florence*,  
And when I lose the Sense of such a Blessing;  
And cease to make your Happiness my Study,  
Let me become a Tributary Lord,  
And hold my Birth-right at another's Will.

*Isab.* Dread Sir, I know and prize my Happiness:  
Blest doubly in your Fortunes and your Love.

*Law.* My Absence from Affairs so long, requires  
My close Attendance now for some few Hours;

*Then*

Then I'll return to settle Loves Account,  
With flaming Heart at Beauties Altar bow,  
And pay my Vows with double Adoration.  
Mean while, our Princess and her Train once more  
Shall welcome you to *Florence*;  
Attend the Dutcheſs in.

[*Ex. All but Lavinio and Guards.*

The Face of Things ſeems alter'd ſince I went;  
Some ſtrange fantaſtick Humour has poſſeſt  
In general the Citizens of *Florence*.  
As yet I have met with none, but who amaze me;  
And ſpeak of Matters done by me, as if  
I had been here before my Dutcheſs came.  
Call *Barberino* and *Alberto* to me;  
They'll ſoon reſolve——

[*Barberino and Alberto appear through the Grates.*]

*Barb.* Moſt gracious Sir,  
Pity your Subjects, and moſt faithful Servants.  
*Lav.* Confuſion! Are my Eyes and Ears both charm'd?  
Our Deputies whom we did leave in Truſt  
Of our whole Power, chain'd, shackl'd, and in Jayl!  
Set them at large, and in my Preſence now  
Before this Minute can expire, or I  
Shall go diſtracted 'ere I know the Cauſe.  
Sure ſome ill Spirit has poſſeſt  
My Subjects Minds when I was gone; D'ye know me?

*Barb.* The Duke of *Florence* our moſt gracious Maſter.

*Lav.* Are not you call'd *Barberino*, you *Alberto*,  
My prudent faithful Counſellors to whom  
I left the Government of *Tuſcany*?

*Alb.* We are your Loyal Subjects, tho' your Priſoners.

*Lav.* How came you ſo?

*Barb.* Great Sir, yourſelf knows well:  
'Twas only for obeying your Commands.

*Lav.* By Heav'n a general Plot upon my Wits;  
Tell me the Meaning, jeſt not with my Rage,  
I charge you do not, therefore ſpeak Senſe to me;  
Or on your naked Hearts I'll read the Riddle.

*Alb.* Alas! what ſhall we ſay? Great Sir, you know  
That none except your Royal Self could do it,  
And to your Sacred Juſtice we appeal  
How far we have deſerv'd.

D

*Lav.*

*Lav.* Perdition ! Furies  
 Gods ! I shall burſt with Choler.  
 Be merciful good Heav'n, and give me Temper.

*Alb.* Amen good Heaven : I fear the fatal Want.

*Lav.* Some Frenzy has on the poor Wretches ſeiz'd,  
 Or elſe they durſt not thus to tempt my Fury.  
 Indeed I waſtoo Blame in threatning you,  
 Who ſo much need my pity : My good Lords,  
 I do beſeech you to collect your Wits,  
 And tell me gently how you came in Priſon.

*Barb.* By the Proſperity of *Tuſcany*  
 Your Highneſs left us there.

*Lav.* When did I ſo ?

*Alb.* The ſelf ſame Time you went in Perſon thither to  
 free *Brunetto*.

*Lav.* The ſelf ſame Time that I went thither  
 To free *Brunetto* : Death, whom ? What *Brunetto* ?

*Barb.* Your Priſoner taken in the *Mantuan* Wars.

*Lav.* The more I ſearch, the more I am confounded,  
 Quite loſt within a Labyrinth of Wonders.

*Alb.* Gods ! how he ſpeaks, as if all we were mad,  
 And he had done nothing.

*Lav.* I will yet have Patience.  
 Tell me my Lords, if you are very ſure  
 That you are well, and Maſters of your Senſe.

*Barb.* If e'er your Highneſs knew us ſo we are.

*Lav.* I can ſuſtain no more — Come hither *Captain*.  
 Theſe Lords affirm, that I put them in Priſon,  
 How ſay you to't ?

*Capt.* Great Sir, your Highneſs did,  
 You ſaw them left in Cuſtody that Minute  
 You freed *Brunetto*.

*Lav.* He's in the ſame Tale :  
 Tho' they are all alike depriv'd of Senſe.  
 Yet do they all agree in what they ſay ;  
 But why, good Captain, I will reaſon't with you.  
 Should I deſire *Brunetto's* Liberty ?  
 Would it not be a ſoul Diſhonour think you  
 To the great Family of *Medices*,  
 To caſt away our Siſter upon one  
 We neither yet know whom, nor what he is :  
 I pray you therefore Captain, if you have



Any small Fragment of your Wits remaining,  
Reply accordingly.

*Capt.* Sir, it is certain,  
That if your Highness should bestow your Sister  
On such a one as you are pleas'd to mention,  
The Conduct would surprize the World; but Sir,  
I heard yourself, distinctly I did hear you,  
To call *Brunetto*, Prince *Horatio*,  
The second Son to the Duke of *Savoy*.

*Lav.* Vengeance!

My Wonder is so great, that I want Words  
Wherewith to give it vent: I see that all  
My Subjects being distracted, think me mad.

*Capt.* Nay more, your Highness gave the Princess Charge  
That she prepar'd herself, for in two Days  
You'd see her marry'd to the Prince *Horatio*.

*Lav.* Enough! Yet God's I'll hold my Reason yet.

*Florence* I left a most ingenious City,  
But find it wofully at my Return  
Possess'd with strange unheard of *Lunacy*.  
*Captain*, I swear to you by my Dukedom,  
I'd rather send for that *Brunetto's* Head,  
Than such a Message as you say I did.

*Capt.* Beseech your Highness look, let your own Eyes  
Convince you of the Truth of what I said.

*Enter Brunetto, and Prudentia.*

*Bru.* Divine *Prudentia*, all thy Sexes Charms  
In thee are center'd, and from that fair Union  
Receive a fresh unspeakable Addition;  
Your Brother's good ev'n to a Miracle,  
And gave me Thralldom, but to raise my Joy.

*Prud.* Indeed it speaks a noble Nature in him  
To crown Desert, though in an Enemy.  
And now I must confess without a Blush,  
You long have been my Hearts dear secret Choice;  
But never durst give Ear to your Addresses  
Till by my Brother's free Consent allow'd.

*Bru.* Said you Consent? Alas! That Name falls short  
Of his Transcendent Grace: He's Earnest for us,  
Urges and drives us to the Bow'r of Joy.

*Lav.* Furies and Scorpions drive you, Whirlwinds part you.

*Pru.* My Royal Brother.

*Lav.* Damn'd infernal Creature !

More false than *Helen*, and the greater Plague.

*Bru.* I did suspect at first 'twas his Distraction  
That favour'd my aspiring Hopes, and now  
I fear't has chang'd his Mind to my Undoing.

*Pru.* Wherein Dear Sir, have I deserv'd this Usage ?  
Was't not your Order ?

*Lav.* Sulphur choak thy Voice :  
I'll spend no Breath upon a Thing so vile.  
You Sir, my new made Favourite, come near  
And tell me, are you Son to *Savoy's* Duke ?

*Bru.* Your Highness knows I am his Second.

*Lav.* I know you are his Second ? Blood and Fire:  
This Frenzy has seiz'd him too.  
Then know Sir, Were you *Savoy's* eldest Son,  
My Sister once deserv'd a better Match.——  
To Prison with the Boaster  
'Till *Savoy* fetch him thence.

[*The Guards burry him off.*]

*Barb.* This relishes of Reason.

*Alb.* Heav'n preserve

This Temper, and restore the State of *Florence*.

*Lav.* Come Lords, and lend your best Assistance to me;  
Sleep shall not close my Eyes, nor Food refresh me,  
'Till we have search't this Mischief to the Core ;  
We'll stop at no Extreame of Blood or Torture,  
Baulk no rough Means that may our Peace secure :  
Such desp'rate Ill's, must have as desp'rate Cure.

[*Exeunt. manet Prudentia.*]

*Pru.* Unhappy *Florence* ! more unhappy I  
To see a Prince and Brother thus decay'd,  
Bereav'd of Reason, and made less than Man !  
My Dear *Horatio*, grieve not at this Usage,  
But rather pity thy Oppressor's Fate.

*Enter Trappolin.*

*Trap.* Whose here ? the Princess in Tears ? Dear Sister,  
how dost thou do ? Come, I know your Grievance, and  
out

out of my Natural Affection have taken Care for you ; you marry the Prince *Horatio* this Night.

*Pru.* One Minute then has chang'd his fullen Humour ! Why then Sir, have you made him a close Prisoner ?

*Trap.* A Prisoner say you ?—— Run Guards and fetch him to our Presence——Do not so much abuse yourself dear Sister, to think I would confine my Friend to Prison.

*Pru.* You did it Sir this Minute, he's scarce there yet.

*Trap.* Madam Sister, If I did, it was in my Drink, and certainly I had some politick Reason for it, which I have now forgot.——Some more Wine Slave to clear my Understanding.

[*Brunetto brought in here.*]

*Bru.* How soon his Mind is chang'd ?

*Trap.* Dear Prince *Horatio* an' you do not forgive my Locking you in Prison, I shall never be merry again, and so here is to you dear Prince *Horatio*.

*Bru.* Upon my Knees I pay my humblest Thanks.

*Trap.* Come, come, take her along Man, take her along, I know Lovers would be private, and so agree the rest among yourselves.

[*Brunetto leads off Prudentia.*]

[*Barberino and Alberto passing over the Stage.*]

*Trap.* Who's yonder ? my Lords Banishers at large agen ? will the Government never be able to drink in quiet for 'em ? Seize those Traytors there, and carry them to Prison. And do you hear Sirrah, it shall be Treason for any Body to let them out.

*Off.* Unless by Order from your Highness.

*Trap.* Orders from my Highness ? I tell you Rascal, it shall be Treason to let them out, tho' I command it myself. Away with them, go.

*Enter Isabella.*

What *Bona Roba* have we here now ?

*Isab.* My Dearest Lord.

*Trap.* For her Dress and Beauty, she may be a Dutcheß, who are you Madam ?

*Isab.* Do you not know me Sir ?

*Trap.* It seems she is none of the Wisest, tho'.

*Isab.* How am I alter'd since I came from *Florence* ?

*Trap.* Oh ! 'tis the Dutcheß : You are our Wife, you'll say ?



*Isab.* Sir.

*Trap.* I am glad of it I promise you ; come kiss then incontinently.

*Isab.* What mean you Sir ? You are merrily dispos'd.

*Trap.* Madam Dutcheffs, I am somewhat jovial indeed, I have been drinking freely, and so kiss me again.

*Isab.* My Lord.

*Trap.* You are a handsome Woman I promise you, and tell me Madam Dutcheffs, am not I a proper handsome Fellow ?

*Isab.* Sir, do not jest with me, you know you are The Man whom I esteem above the World.

*Trap.* What a winning Look was there too ?——To Bed my Dear, to Bed.——I'll but take 'tother Flask, to put State Affairs out of my Head, and then——Ah ! ha ! ha !

[*Exeunt.*]



## ACT III.

*Enter Lavinio.*

*Lav.*



YOU glorious Planets that do nightly guide

The giddy Ships upon the ocean Waves,  
If some of your malignant Influences  
Have rais'd this Madnefs in my Subjects Minds,

Let some of your more gentle Aspects now  
Restore them to their Sense.

[*Barberino and Alberto appear in Prison.*]

I am astonish'd, Heavens ! What do I see ?  
My Lords imprison'd ? Free them instantly  
Without Reply, for should you answer me,  
I know you'll say I did it, and distract me.

*Capt.* His ill Fit's off again.

*Lav.* I do not think that since the Infancy  
And first Creation of the World, a Madnefs  
Pestiferious and equal unto this

Was

*A Duke and no Duke.*

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Was ever known, all-Gracious Heav'n reveal  
The fatal Cause, or lay our Cities waste.

*Barb.* Most Gracious Sovereign, how have we deserv'd  
Thus to be made the Scorn of vulgar Eyes?

*Lav.* Yet send me Patience Heav'n!

I wonder Lords, that you of all my Subjects,  
Whom I have known to bear the Noblest Judgments,  
Should thus distract yourselves in your wild Fits:

You run to Prison of your own accord,  
And say, I sent you.

*Alb.* Most Royal Sir, we grieve to see these Days;  
You did command us thither.

*Lav.* I?

*Barb.* Your Highness self.

*Lav.* You are both deceived, to act such idle Errors,  
And lay the Blame on me.

*Capt.* So please your Grace, you did commit 'em,  
That very Hour in which you set them free.

*Lav.* I commit them?

I tell you all with Sorrow, witness Heav'n  
How deep that Sorrow is! you are all mad:  
Therefore in this small Interval of Sense,  
Betake you with one Voice to your Devotion,  
And pray the incens'd Gods to be pleas'd  
And keep you from Relapse.

*Both.* Heav'n bless your Highness. [*Ex. all but Lavinio.*]

*Lav.* Plague, Famine, War, the ruinous Instruments  
Wherewith incens'd Deities do punish  
Poor Mankind for Mis-deeds, had they all fall'n  
Upon this City, it had been a Thing  
To be lamented, but not wonder'd at.

*Enter Isabella.*

*Isab.* My Lord, I have this Hour expected you.

*Lav.* O, my dear *Isabella*, I have brought thee  
From *Millain* flourishing with all Delights,  
Into a City full of Men distracted.

*Isab.* He is not sober yet: Go in and sleep, Sir.  
You do not well my Lord, thus to betray  
Your Weakness to the publick View.

*Lav.*

*Lav.* Oh, Heavens!  
My Wife and all.

*Ifab.* What say you Sir?

*Lav.* My *Isabella*, thou hast Cause to curse me  
For bringing thee into a Place infected;  
The Air is poison'd, and I wonder now  
How I have 'scap'd so long.

*Ifab.* I pray go sleep.

*Lav.* Why *Isabella*?

*Ifab.* You have drunk too much.

*Lav.* 'Madness unmatch'd;  
She's farther gone than any of the rest.  
Dear *Isabella*, Retire into thy Chamber;  
Compose thy Thoughts a while, and I'll come to thee,  
There we'll beseech the angry Gods together.  
That they would yet remove this heavy Ill.

[*Ex. Ifab.*

*Enter Brunetto and Prudentia.*

What do I see? *Brunetto* unconfin'd;  
I am astonish'd how he came at large;  
My Sister with him too!——  
Hell! They kiss,  
Embrace before my Eyes! My Guards there.

*Bru.* Ha!

He's chang'd again.

*Pru.* My Noble Brother.

*Lav.* Off,

Hadst thou thy Reason, and shouldst offer this,  
I'd study Tortures for thee; as thou art,  
I pity thy Misfortunes.——Seize your Prisoner:  
Next Time I see him free, your Head is forfeit.

*Pru.* Wonders on Wonders, I beseech you Sir  
By all the Bonds of Nature, for what Cause?

*Lav.* It is in Vain to answer frantick People.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE





S C E N E *Draws, and Shows*

*Trappolin asleep, Flasks of Wine by him.*

*Trap.*



H A T a Princely Nap have I taken! ——— But as I remember I was to have gone to my Dutcheſs, or dreamt ſo. ——— Give me a Bumper.

*[Barberino and Alberto enter.]*

*Iab.* My Lords at large again?

*Barb.* Long live your Highneſs.

*Trap.* Amen.

*Alb.* And happily.

*Trap.* Amen for that too. ——— But my ſmall Friends how came you hither? I thought you had been under Lock and Key.

*Barb.* Alas! he is relaps'd as bad as ever.

*Trap.* Sirrah Captain, why kept you not theſe Vermin up till I bid you let them out?

*Capt.* So pleaſe your Grace, I did.

*Trap.* Will you lye Rascal to my Princely Face? *[He throws*

*Capt.* Gods! will this Humour never leave him? *Wine in his*

*Barb.* We muſt in again.

*Face.*

*Trap.* To Kennel with them, walk my good Lords Banifhers, your Honours know the Way. Along with them. Trugh! trugh!

*Alb.* There is no Remedy.

*[They are carried off.]*

*Trap.* Thus far I take it, we have kept the Government in good Order; now for my Dutcheſs, lead to her Grace's Apartment.

*[Officer enters.]*

*Off.* Embaſſadors from Savoy deſire Admittance.

*Trap.* What are their Names?

*Off.*

*Off.* I presum'd not to enquire.

*Trap.* Then what's their Business?

*Off.* That Sir were worse Presumption.

*Trap.* Thou insolent Varlet; what a vulgar Fellow dost thou take me for, to speak with Strangers before I know their Business? — Well Sirrah, set a Bumper by our Chair of State, and bring them to our Presence.

*Off.* What can this mean?

*Trap.* Suppose now, that those should be Spies upon our Government, in the Shape of Ambassadors: Loving Subjects, if that be their Business, I shall be frank and tell them they have the wrong Sow by the Ear. For as the Ancients were wont to say, (those Ancients were a wise Nation) it was with them a principal Maxim, *Some wiser than some*: Trust me for Politicks, I faith.

*Enter Ambassadors.*

*1 Emb.* Dread Sir, by us the Duke of Savoy sends  
To greet your Nuptials with the *Millanese*,  
Wishing all Happiness to great *Lavinio*.

*Trap.* 'Tis civilly done, by my Troth, and there is no Love lost, I can assure him.

*2 Emb.* Is this the so much fam'd *Lavinio*,  
Renown'd for Wisdom and Severity.

*Trap.* I say, it shews his good Nature as well as his Breeding, and so here's his good Health.

*1 Emb.* This is most strange.

*Trap.* So much for Ceremony, now to our Business:  
For what can more besit a Prince than Business,  
Which always is best done *Propriâ Personâ*;  
I therefore Spice my Morning Draught myself.

*2 Emb.* I am astonish'd.

*Trap.* The next prime Quality is for a Prince  
Well to inform him of neighbouring Courts,  
What Customs and Diversions are in Use;  
But chiefly by what Politicks they steer,  
What Method in Affairs of State they take,  
Whereby to square his own Concerns at Home:  
I therefore ask, *what Wine you have in Savoy?*

*1 Emb.* This is gross Mockery.

*2 Emb.*

*2 Emb.* Or utter Frenzy.

We come not Sir to trifle, and 'tis Time  
We now declare the Order of our Message :  
Our Royal Master is at last informed,  
His only Brother, and his Dukedom's Heir,  
Lies here confin'd in close Imprisonment ;  
Release him instantly, and we are Friends :  
Refuse us ; and our sole Reply is War.

*Trap.* If you bring nothing but War, e'en carry it back  
with you again : We can drink and quarrel fast enough  
amongst ourselves :—— But hark you, for the Sake of  
some Dukes that shall be nameless, before I treat with your  
Master, I must know by what Title he holds.

*1 Emb.* By Native and Legitimate Claim.

*Trap.* That is as much as to say, I am an Usurper.

*2 Emb.* By most unquestion'd and immediate Right  
From Heav'n.

*Trap.* As who should say, my Preferment came from the  
Devil.

*1 Emb.* We ask your final Answer, Peace or War.

*Trap.* My final Answer is, to tell no Man my Pleasure,  
till I know it myself.

*1 Emb.* Let us declare for Arms then, and away.

*2 Emb.* It cannot be with this Fantastick Tale ;  
To bring this strange Account, will speak us mad,  
And with our Prince ne'er gain the least Belief.

*Trap.* Look you Sirs, your Master and I, can agree to  
fall out at our Leisure ; but if he pretend to love the Prince  
*Horatio* better than I do, he is a very uncivil Person, and so  
I shall tell him when I next light into his Company.

*1 Emb.* Heaven's ! this is still more strange.

*Trap.* Will he fight for him ?

*2 Emb.* He'll conquer for him, *Florence* shall confess it.

*Trap.* Then I have one familiar Question more,  
Will he Pimp for him ?

*1 Emb.* Prodigious !

*Trap.* Not Pimp for him ? Let him pretend no further ;  
If he ne'er Pimp'd for him, his Claim is done.  
Will he give him his Sister ?

*1 Emb.* That were foul Incest ; and besides, he has none.

*Trap.* Why no more have I, nor ever had in my Life, and  
yet I have given him mine.——But as for your Princess, let  
her



her set her Heart at rest; for if my Friend must not have her I will marry her myself.

1 *Emb.* What, while your *Millanese* is living?

*Trap.* That I confess I had forgot, Care for the State has turn'd my Brain:—But here is to our better Understanding. [Dr. nks]

2 *Emb.* This is beyond all sufferance, gross Affront; And *Florence* shall in Blood lament the Folly.

*Trap.* In the Name of *Mars*, then let your Master know I care not, when we meet at the Head of our Army—to crack a Bottle. [Exeunt severally]

*Enter Lavinio hastily.*

*Lav.* I've found, I've found at last the fatal Riddle: It must be so, the Gods inspire the Thought, Call *Barberino* and *Alberto* to me.

*Serv.* From Prison Sir?

*Lav.* From Prison Slave, what mean'st thou?

*Serv.* Your Highness but this Minute sent them thither; Nor will your Officer at my Request Release them, 'twas so strict a Charge you gave.

*Lav.* Here take my Signet for a Token: Bid them Attend me instantly in my Apartment. It must, it must be so, some spiteful Fiend Permitted by the Heav'ns assumes my Shape: And what I do, undoes; no other Cause Remains in Nature for these strange Effects; Pity me ye Powers, Remove this Plague, and save the State of *Florence*. [Exit]

*Enter Trappolin, as going to the Dutchesse's Bed-Chamber.*

*Trap.* The next is the Dutchesse's Bed-Chamber,——and yonder she is fast asleep.——What a Neck and Breast there?—Now do I reckon that my Friend *Brunetto* and I shall encounter much about a Time. I ought to have sent him a Bed first, but my natural Affection to my Dutchesse prevail'd above my Manners.

*Re-ent*

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Here is your Ring again Sir.

*Trap.* What Ring?

*Serv.* Your Signet Sir, which you sent me with, I have according to your Order releas'd the Lords.

*Trap.* Give it me : Now, go Slave commend me to *Brunetto*, and bid him start fair.

*Serv.* From Prison Sir?

*Trap.* From Prison say you? — Here take my Signet with you again, and release him; and say, I charge him on his Allegiance to go to Bed to the Princess immediately; make all fast without there; I can find the Way to her Grace by myself: away.

[*Ex. Servants, &c.*]

[*As he is going in, he meets Lavinio entering.*]

*Law.* 'Tis strange they come not yet; — What do I see? This is the Hellish Phantasm that has bred All this Confusion in our Court; good Gods How he resembles me! That I myself Would almost take him for myself: What art thou?

*Trap.* I am *Lavinio*, Duke of *Tuscany*.

*Law.* He speaks too, and usurps my Name. If thou art a Fiend, the gracious Heav'ns be kind, And put a Period to thy wild Proceedings; But if thou art mortal, I'll have thee burnt.

*Trap.* Burnt? Traytor, burn your lawful Duke!

*Law.* I'll try if thou hast Substance, struggle not, For thou may'st sooner break from *Hercules*: I'll have the head from thy enchanted Skin, In which thou represent'st my Person.

*Trap.* I say, beware of Treason; flea off my Skin!

*Law.* Guards, Guards, Guards.

*Trap.* Guards, Guards.

*Law.* A Traytor, a Traytor,

*Trap.* A Traytor, a Traytor.

*[As they strive and call together, Trappolin flings the Enchanted Powder in his Face. Lavinio quits his hold.]*

There's some of Father Conjurer's Powder for you; what it will do for me I know not, but there 'tis.

*Lav.* The Sorcerer has blinded me.

*Trap.* Ay, so would Powder of Post for the Present: but if this be all the wonderful Effects, I'll save my Skin while I may. *[He runs off.]*

*Lav.* Stop, stop the Traytor, help! Guards, Guards! *[Runs after him.]*

*Enter Isabella.*

*Isab.* Sure I did hear the Duke, my Husband's Voice  
As in Distress, and calling out for help;  
Or did I dream? It must be more than so:  
Nay, as I thought, I saw two Figures of him  
One courting of the other:—  
The Noise continues still—Who waits? All Deaf?

*[Rings a Bell.]*

What, no Attendance here? What can this mean?  
This is the private Passage to the Princess's Chamber.  
I'll see if all be as silent there. *[Exit.]*

*Re-enter Trappolin.*

*Trap.* What will become of me? I shall never have the Heart to swagger it out with him: The Guards are coming too:—Oh rare Powder! 'thas done the Work I'faith.

*Re-enter Lavinio, transform'd into the Likeness of Trappolin.*

*Lav.* I have thee, and will hold thee, wert thou Proteus.

*Enter Captain and Guards.*

*Lav.* Help Subjects, help! your Duke's assaulted. *Cap.*



*Capt.* Audacious Slave.

*Law.* Death and Furies.

*Capt.* What? *Trappolin* return'd?

*Off.* He is distracted sure.

*Trap.* No, no, *Trappolin* was too honest to assault his natural Prince, this is some Villain transform'd by Magick to his likeness, and I will have him flea'd out of his enchanted skin.

*Law.* Blood and Vengeance.

*Trap.* Look to him carefully, till you have our further Orders: Now once more for my Dutcheffs. [Exit.

*Law.* Unhand me Slaves, I am the Duke your Sovereign.

*All.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Law.* That Villain that went out, a damn'd Impostor.

*Capt.* Alas, he is Lunatick.

*Law.* Why did you let th'Impostor Devil 'scape?

*Capt.* Compose thyself poor *Trappolin*.

*Law.* What mean the Slaves by *Trappolin*?

*Enter Servant.*

Sir, are you come? Where is my Ring?

*Serv.* *Trappolin* come home? And as great a Knave, it seems, as ever: He has heard the Duke sent me with his Ring, and this impudent Rogue thinks to get it.

*Law.* The Slaves are now gone mad another Way.

They take the Counterfeit, for their true Prince,

And me it seems for one I do not know.

Sure some amongst my Subjects yet will know me,

Then Slaves, your Heads shall answer for this Crime.

*Enter Flametta.*

*Flam.* I am o'erjoy'd, you are welcome home my Dear

I fear'd alas, I ne'er should see you more:

Indeed my Dear, you are beholden to me;

'Twas I that won the Duke for your Repeal.

*Law.* Blood and Fire!

E 2

*Flam.*

*Flam.* This is unkind to treat me with such Coldness,  
After so long an Absence; have you then  
Forgot my Truth and Constancy?

*Law.* Off Strumpet.

*Flam.* Dost thou reward me thus for all the Pains  
I took for thy Return to *Florence*?

*Law.* Leave me,  
Or I will spurn thee from me.

*Flam.* O faithless Men! Women by me take heed  
How you give credit to the perjur'd Sex.  
Have I all thy long Banishment been true,  
Refus'd Lord *Barberino* with his Gifts;  
And am I slighted thus?

*Law.* What means the Harlot?  
Heav'n, Earth, and Hell, have all conspir'd together,  
To load me with a Crime unknown before.

*Enter Barberino and Alberto.*

My Lords, you never came in better Season,  
For never was your Prince so much distress'd:  
My very Guards deny me for their Master,  
And take a Wizard for the Duke of *Florence*.

*Barb.* What means the Vagabond, how came he home!  
I hope the Duke will take Care to reward him.  
Say Captain, which Way is our royal Master?

*Law.* Nay then, Destruction is turn'd loose upon me.

*Flam.* Alas, he is mad!  
Distracted with his Banishment.

*Enter Isabella and Prudentia.*

*Pru.* The Vision you relate is wonderful,  
And all these strange Disorders in the Court  
Must needs proceed from some prodigious Cause.

*Law.* That is the Princess's Voice; *Prudentia*, Sister,  
Pity your Brother, speak to these mad Subjects  
That do not know their Prince.

*Pru.* What Fellow's this?

*Capt.* Off Sirrah,

*Law.*

*A Duke and no Duke.*

41

*Lav.* Is she bewitched too? ——— My Dear *Isabella*  
Thou sure wilt own the Duke thy Husband: ——— Ha!  
She turns away in Wonder! By the Bonds  
Of Duty, and of Nature, I conjure you  
To do me Right, and own the Duke your Lord.

*Alberto, Barberino, Prudentia, Isabella.*

*All.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Isab.* What do you with this frantick Wretch? look to him  
And lodge him in the Hospital.

*Lav.* Confusion!

Nay then 'tis Time to lay me thus on Earth,  
And grow one Piece with it. *[Throws himself down.]*

*Enter Brunetto.*

*Bru.* Your Highness humble Servant, ——— Dear *Prudentia*,  
The Duke once more consents to make us happy,  
Here is his royal Signet for our Marriage.

*Enter Trappolin.*

*Trap.* *Es, Meo, and Arco*, rare Boys still. ——— I am out of  
Breath with looking for her; the Bed I found, but no  
Dutchess, and not one of her Women can tell where she  
is: ——— Why here they are now all on a Bundle. Dear  
Pigs-ney, what a naughty Trick was this, to Spirit yourself  
away, when you know how frightened I am with lying a-  
lone? ——— My Princely Friend, hast thou consummated?  
That sneaking look of thine, confesses thee Guilty: Well,  
marry'd or not marry'd, I am resolv'd to see you a Bed toge-  
ther incontinently.

*Lav.* The Devil you shall. *[Rising up hastily.]*

*Flam.* Dear *Trappolin* be quiet.  
You will destroy yourself and me. ——— I do beseech your Grace,  
Forgive him; alafs, he is Lunatick.

*Lav.* Oh Heav'ns! endure this Impostor thus  
With his Enchantments to bewitch your Eyes.

*Trap.* Alas, poor *Trappolin*! That ever such good Parts as  
thine should come to this.

*Alb.* Will he e'er suffer this Abuse?

*Barb.* I know not, perhaps one Madman will pity any  
other.



*Lav.* Ye Florentines, I am *Lavinio* ;  
I am the *Tuscan* Duke ; this an Impostor  
That by damn'd Magick, and Infernal Arts,  
Has rais'd these strange *Chimæra*'s in the Court.

*Alb.* Your Highness is too patient.

*Flam.* Sweet *Trappolin* be rul'd.

*Trap.* Shew him a Glass.

*Lav.* What do I see ? Even thus I seem to them :  
Plagues, Death, and Furies, this is Witchcraft all—[*Breaks*  
Still I assert my Right, I am *Lavinio*. *the Glass.*

*Trap.* Nay then, I see he'll ne'er come to good ; to Prison  
with him, take him away.

[*As they seize him, Thunder and Lightning breaks forth,*  
*Mago rises.*]

*Mag.* Turn thee *Lavinio* Duke of *Tuscany*.

*Lav.* Ha ! who art thou that own'st my Power and Title,  
Disclaim'd by all my Subjects ?

*Trap.* Father Conjurer here ?

*Lav.* Whate'er thou art, dissolve this Magick Mist ;  
Restore my State, and right an injur'd Prince.

*Mag.* My Spells alone can do it.

*Lav.* I know that Voice.

*Mag.* Remember *Guitardi* the *Tuscan* Count,  
Whom twelve Years since, thou didst unjustly banish ;  
Which tedious Hours, I chiefly have apply'd  
To Magick Studies, and in just Revenge  
Have rais'd these strange Disorders in thy Court,  
Now, Pardon what is past, I'll set all Right.

*Lav.* I swear by all the Honours of my State,  
By both my Dukedoms, *Florence* and *Siena*,  
I pardon what is past.

*Trap.* So here is his Grace and the Devil upon Articles of  
Agreement, and excluding me from the Treaty :— Well,  
I'll e'en banish myself whilst I have the Authority in my  
own Hands : I have got a handsome Face by the Bargain,  
and it would grieve me to be flea'd out of it, and therefore  
I will steal off as silently as I can. [Exit.]

*Mag.* Then take that Chair.

[*He places Lavinio in the Chair, Thunder and Lightning*  
*again.*]

*Bru.* What mean these Prodigies ?

*Mag.*

Mag. Ye noble Florentines suspend your Fears,  
And you shall see the Wonders of my Skill.  
Thus with my Powerful Wand I Crown thy Brow  
With grateful Slumbers till my Charms are wrought.  
You Spirits fram'd of milder Elements,  
You that controul the black malicious Fiends,  
Appear, and execute my Will.

*Soft Music. Spirits rise and dance about Lavinio, who  
by a Device is transform'd before the Audience into  
his own Appearance, and Habit.*

All. The Duke! Good Heav'n! How have our Eyes  
been charm'd?

Long live your Highness.

Law. Where have I been? Sure all has been a Dream.

Mag. Your royal Word is past, you pardon all?

Law. I do, and weep for Joy

To see my Subjects to their Sense restor'd.

Mag. Brave Prince *Horatio*, your elder Brother, [*To Brunetto.*  
The Duke of *Savoy's* dead.

Law. Then he is *Savoy*.

Sir, I entreat Forgiveness of what's past,

And wish you Joy.

[*Gives him Prudentia.*

Brun. } You crown our Happiness.  
Pru. }

Law. Methinks, we have all been scatter'd in a Storm,  
And thus by Miracle met here together  
Upon the happy Shore.—*Horatio, Lords,*  
*Prudentia, Wife*, let me embrace you.

[*Trappolin brought in by Spirits, in his own likeness.*]

Law. Here is th'Impostor: Gods! what abject Things,  
When in your Hands, prove Scourges of a State.

Trap. Good Father Conjurer, for old Acquaintance Sake.  
Beseech your Grace, use Moderation; [*To Lavinio.*  
You see by me what a Prince may come to.

Law. Thy Pardon's granted, but depart the Realm.

Flam. Dear *Trappolin* embrace the happy Fate,  
And take me with thee.

Trap. My Lord,—I have stood your Lordship's Friend.  
[*To Brunetto.*

Bru. In *Savoy* I'll requite thee *Trappolin*.

Trap. *Savoy*, Girl, *Savoy*,—a Count, a Count I warrant  
thee.

Mag.

*Mag.* Son *Trappolin*, I am thy natural Father ;  
And since my Banishment from *Florence*, have  
Sustain'd much Hardship, serv'd the *Turk* in's Galleys.

*Trap.* By your Leave Father Conjurer, you have serv'd  
the Devil too.

*Mag.* But from this Hour renounce my wicked Arts.

*Lav.* So, lasting Happiness on *Florence* fall ;  
Our Plague's remov'd, and now we'll pass the Time  
In Courtly Joys ; our *Tuscan* Poets shall  
From these Disorders, frame Fantastick Scenes  
To entertain our beauteous *Millanese* :  
Each Accident at Leisure well recite,  
*Misfortunes past*, prove *Stories of Delight*.





T H E  
E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by Mr. *Haines*.

*T* RAPPOLIN, *suppos'd a Duke, this Action*  
*shows*  
 Strange Matters may depend on meer suppose.  
 One may suppose Masks chaste, lov'd Nonsense witty,  
 No Flatterers at Court, no Whig i'th' City—  
 I am myself by one i'th' World thought pretty.

[Pulling off his Perriwig.]

Whereas you see no Lillies grow nor Roses,  
 So Masks for Beauty pass, that want their Noses.  
 The Reverend Citizen, Sixty and above,  
 That by poor Inch of Candle buys his Love,  
 Supposes that his Son and Heir he Got,  
 But ask his Wife, and she supposes not.  
 Mean Time the Sot, whilst he's a Cuckold made,  
 Supposes she's at Church praying for Trade.  
 The Country Squire newly come to Town,  
 By Parents doom'd to Lawyers daggl'd Gown,  
 Supposes some bright Angel he has gotten  
 In our Lewd Gallery, till proving Rotten,  
 His Study soon he leaves for sweating Tubs,  
 And Cook and Littleton, for honest Hobs.  
 Nor had Dull Cit sent Spouse to Drink the Waters,  
 And found helping to her Sons and Daughters,  
 Had he suppos'd when so the Belly swells,  
 There must be something in't besides the Wells.  
 There's no Man here had Married I'm afraid,  
 Had he not first suppos'd his Wife a Maid,  
 Thus, 'tis Opinion must our Peace secure,  
 For no Experiment can do't I'm sure.

## EPILOGUE.

*In Paths of Love no Foot-steps e'er were trac'd,  
 All we can do is to suppose her Chaste;  
 For Women are of that deep subtile kind,  
 The more we dive to Know, the less we find.  
 Ah Ladies! what strange Fate still Rules us Men?  
 For whilst we wisely would escape the Gin,  
 A kind suppose still draws the Woodcocks in:  
 In all Affairs 'tis so, the Lawyers Baul,  
 And with damn'd Noise and Nonsense fill the Hall,  
 Supposing after Seven Years being a Drudge,  
 'Twill be his Fortune to be made a Judge.  
 The Parson too that Prays against ill Weathers,  
 That thumps the Cushion till he leaves no Feathers,  
 Wou'd let his Flock I fear grow very Lean,  
 Without suppose at least of being a Dean.  
 All Things are helpt out by suppose, but Wit;  
 But shall we by That suppose to get.  
 Unless a kind suppose your Minds possess,  
 For on that Charm depends our Play's Success.  
 Then tho' you like it not, Sirs, don't disclose it.  
 But tho' you are not satisfi'd, suppose it.*



